

your tongue is sharp, but i miss the taste of it by thecopperkid

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Summary:

Billy looks sweaty as fuck. Abandoned his denim jacket, drenched through his thin t-shirt. He's like, unbuckled, rolling around in the seat, all hunched in fetal position. Grabbing the crotch of his fucking pants.

Then he really fucks with Steve's shit.

Says, "I need to *come*, I think."

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Billy had one job -- don't take off the scarf. / Science is probably not Steve's strong suit, but he's *really* trying to make sense of why Billy's suddenly found him so appealing.

your tongue is sharp, but i miss the taste of it

Author's Note:

"the chills" - peter bjorn & john

hi, I wish I could say I was sorry about this. much love.

They're high on the back roads of Hawkins. As usual. Coming back from a party, already arguing — always fucking arguing (because Billy didn't wanna leave yet, because he was *'bout to get it in with that chick*, he says) — when something runs out in front of Steve's car.

It's like, scary. 'Cause the car's out of control for a second. Steve loses his grip of the wheel, and everything's *spinning*, and he's thinking, *please God, don't let me die next to Billy Hargrove*, but he reacts in time to swerve them off to the side. To relative safety.

Physically, they're fine, yeah.

Just shaken up. Billy especially.

But that only lasts a second — then it transforms, boils, til he's just *mad*. It's amazing how he *flips shit* like that.

"Are you trying to fucking kill me, Harrington?" he spits. "I look away for one fucking second and you go and pull *this* stunt, you shoulda just let *me* drive if you're that fucked up—"

"Look, you think I did that on *purpose*, asshole?" Steve's still got a death clutch on the wheel, gone white-knuckled. "It just. Came out of *nowhere*."

That's something people always say, a figure of speech, but.

It really *did*. Come out of fucking nowhere.

"What the fuck *was* it?" Billy asks, rising up in his seat to peer into the road, where Steve's headlights stare, unblinking, ahead. Lighting up the other side of the forest.

“Maybe a deer,” Steve hears himself say. “There’s a lot out in the northern parts. And they get *scared*, you know. Just run out, in front of cars.”

But that’s all him fucking hoping. *Praying*. That his instincts are wrong.

Hoping that this shit isn’t back, when he fucking *knows* it is.

Because that wasn’t fucking big enough to be a deer, and it was too *wet* to be somebody’s dog. The smears on the road are mainly blackish grey, not red.

Steve’s a nervous talker. So he’s still babbling about fucking *deer*. Like if he weaves a tale intricate enough, it’ll manifest itself in reality.

“I don’t know how they do it in California, but there’s so many of ‘em here that when you take driver’s classes, they make you watch these videos about what to do when you hit them, ‘cause like, you’re eventually *gonna* hit one. And it goes against instinct but you’re not supposed to avoid it, you’re sort of supposed to, you know, hit it head on. Because otherwise you could drive off the road. But if you hit it wrong, it can like, *crush your windshield*, and —”

“*Harrington*.”

“Yeah. Sorry.”

They’re out on the tar. Just standing there. Luckily no one’s come by yet, ‘cause Steve doesn’t know what he’d even say. What’s up with the monster? Why’s he alone with Billy Hargrove?

Those are *valid*, sure, but he doesn’t have the answers.

Steve’s cinching his jacket tight around his neck, because it’s early March, and there’s no snow anymore but it’s fucking *cold*. Billy’s got his hips cocked, staring down at the thing while he smokes a cig. He doesn’t really seem that upset by it. Steve keeps waiting for him to *do* something about it, anything, show that he’s human, maybe, but he just. *Doesn’t*.

“So,” he says, finally. “It’s not a deer.”

“Shit, I know that,” Steve grouses. Grabbing fistfuls of hair. Trying to think. “I *know*.”

“Well, clearly *daddy* never took you hunting,” Billy says around the filter. Like some old Western villain. “‘Cause I don’t know what to call that, but it ain’t no fucking *buck*. You must be dumber than you look.”

Steve just *glowers*, and Billy continues, like anyone fucking asked him.

“Good thing you’re so fuckin’ pretty. Face like that, you could get away with murder.”

Smiling all saccharine like he does. Steve hates it.

“God, you’re so fucking *much*,” Steve spits. “Would you give it a rest?”

“When I’m dead, princess.”

So Billy *knows* about shit, now, which is maybe good or bad, or something, Steve’s not really sure which. But he’s still keeping it surprisingly cool.

Maybe that’s just shock.

It’s gotta be shock.

“Help me drag it.”

“Drag it *where*? You wanna give it a proper burial?”

*

Steve tries to forget about that night, thinks that maybe it was a fluke.

But it turns out it’s more of a harbinger.

Because after that, someone goes missing in town. Some sophomore girl Steve doesn’t know. And everyone’s gossipping about it; there’s

this lore about some trucker coming through and scooping her up at the diner. ‘Cause she was all daddy issues, and it was too easy to explain away like that.

The poor girl. Steve would vouch for her if it didn’t mean he’d have people trying to kill him, or whatever.

Of course the party assembles the brawn of the group to go after her. Fucking Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove. Which is kind of a pathetic rescue team, really. But *nobody else would be able to pull it off*, Dustin had said. Because they didn’t want to worry Hopper if they didn’t have to. Didn’t want that little girl to have to through things again if it wasn’t absolutely necessary. Nancy’s brother was adamant about it.

They’re in the tunnels and Billy’s *already* complaining.

Talking about how he gets *claustrophobic* or some shit. Saying he “can’t breathe.” That the scarf Steve’s secured over Billy’s mouth is so *gay*, and it’s ruining his “whole look.”

Whatever kind of look denim on denim on denim is, like, alright.

“Dude, what the fuck is this grey shit,” he’s moaning. Looking down at his feet and shifting around in the muck. “I literally just got these boots—”

“I told you not to wear anything nice.”

“I don’t *own* anything that isn’t nice.”

“This is, like. So not the time to brag.”

Billy’s trying to take the lead, starts stalking out from behind Steve all fucking *macho*, like he knows what’s up.

And Steve holds an arm out to catch Billy by the chest, like, “We gotta go over some stuff.”

Billy stops in his tracks and huffs. “Seriously? You already told me—”

“Hey, I’ve done this before, okay,” Steve says. Feels kind of proud

about that. “And you haven’t.”

“I think it’s pretty straightforward,” Billy sneers. “*Don’t die*. I made it this far, didn’t I?”

“You’re not gonna make it any further unless you listen to me,” says Steve. He calls it over his shoulder as they edge down — down, what, a *corridor*? “First off. Don’t fucking touch anything.”

“No shit. I’m not an *idiot*.”

“Well, I had to be *sure*, you’re not exactly known for your stellar judgement. Okay, second? I know I said this in the car earlier, but like. One more time. *Don’t* take off that scarf.”

Because Hopper told them that it’s different down there lately. That the air’s like, thicker. And weirder. Makes people *hallucinate* and do crazy shit, they say. Does different stuff to different people. And Steve doesn’t have a gas mask, so.

His mom’s scarf for Billy, it is.

“I gotta take it off. I can’t fucking breathe.”

He props the flashlight between his knees and reaches up, but Steve’s like, “Billy, *stop*. You’re gonna regret it.”

“But I’m gonna hyperventilate. I mean, say I *did* take it off, what’s the worst that could happen — would it like, turn me into a zombie? Like the Byers kid?”

“I don’t know, do you wanna *find out*?”

“No, I just. I thought you were wearing yours ‘cause you thought it was cute, or something.”

“Just shut up and help me look,” says Steve, spinning around in a circle. Shining the flashlight on squelching walls.

There’s a roar somewhere down the halls of the underground. More of a shriek, honestly. It sounds far off, but that fact doesn’t do anything to quell Steve’s nerves.

And before Steve's got time to react to it, Billy's *on* him.

"What was that?" Billy says, horror-movie-quick, clutching Steve's arm for balance.

God. That's like.

Gross.

Billy looks in between them and pulls off. Slaps his arm back at his side.

"I don't *like* that," he says, absent. He stares blankly down into the abyss. It's the first time Steve's ever seen something like *fear* in Billy's eyes.

Steve pretends not to notice that, and he's like, "I'm not wild about it, either, but we said we would."

"I don't care *what* we said. I can't fucking *breathe* down here, Harrington. It's like, the catacombs, or some shit. Seriously, I'm gonna pass out."

And he *does* sound sort of wheezy. Like he's lightheaded. Like the air's been sucked right out of him — maybe it *has* been.

"You're alright, okay? Just, whatever you do, don't take off the scarf," Steve tells him, firm. "You got that?"

Billy rolls his eyes. Crosses his arms across his chest. Doesn't say anything.

"I said, *do you got that.*"

"Yeah," he says. "Yeah, I *got* that."

"Good. Now hurry up," Steve says, mustering everything he has to keep it collected. "We gotta go check it out."

"What?" Billy hisses. "No. *Not* down. You have no frontal lobe. This is how you get smart people — people *like me* — killed."

“Did you think this missing girl would be sitting right here, waiting for you? Her *hero*? That it would be that easy?”

“No, I just—“

“Why’d you even agree to this? To prove a point? Prove that you’re so fucking tough? Beating up little kids doesn’t do it for you anymore?”

Billy stares him down. Eyes gone cold.

“Fuck off, you know I didn’t touch that kid,” he says through gritted teeth. Shoves Steve back by his shoulder, but Steve doesn’t let it shake him, won’t give him that *satisfaction*. “Look. You can spend all fucking night down here if you like, but I’m going back up.”

“You can’t go *now*,” says Steve. “It knows we’re here.”

“That sounds like a Harrington problem,” Billy says, already turning his back. Too bad he’s going the *wrong fucking way*. “When most people hear a fucked up sound, they don’t *run fucking toward it*. I’m outta here.”

Steve hears the wet sounds of Billy’s boots trudging over tentacle-like roots.

So Steve’s like, whatever.

He’s not fucking scared, like Billy is. He can *do* this. He’s *gonna* do it.

It’s like, he’s done this with the kids before, how bad can it be alone? They were really just in the way most of the time. Let their *emotions* get the better of them, and shit. He just has to get in, get the girl, get out.

He’s sort of playing out the scenario, wondering what the fuck it is lurking down at the end of this tube he’s inching down, what’s the worst it could be ‘cause he kind of feels like he’s *seen it all*, when —

A coughing fit. Echoing through the tunnel. Great.

“Hey,” Billy calls after he’s recovered. “Hey, Harrington?”

Voice unusually high. All apprehensive. Almost childish.

Steve's back arches up like a cat.

"*What?*" he whispers behind him in exasperation.

"Don't freak out at me."

"What are you *talking* about?"

"No, promise you won't freak out, first."

"Jesus Christ, Billy, just tell me what you fucking did—"

"I just have a *question*, real quick—"

"Yeah, what's your fucking question—"

"Is it bad if I took off the scarf?"

Steve huffs a sigh. With his shoulders, with his entire body. He's exhausted.

Silence is probably the worst response for Billy to get, because now he's walking back toward Steve, his flashlight backlighting him as it swings back and forth, and he's like, "*That* bad, huh? Look, I'll tie it back on, see, like it never happened, right? It's fine. I'm fine. Help me tie it."

"This is *just* like you," Steve says. "I told you not to do, like, *one* thing —"

"I didn't know you were actually that *serious*."

And then he's sputtering. Hunching on his knees and expelling air, so a sickly yellow cloud diffuses in the cone-shaped beam of Steve's flashlight.

"Billy," Steve says, rushing to him before he can stop himself. He soothes a hand over his shoulder. "Fuck. Are you okay? Like. *Fuck*."

Billy rises slowly. Dabs his mouth off with the scarf and wrinkles his nose like whatever's left behind is gross. Because it is.

"I'm fine," he says, a little distant. Folds up the scarf. "Let's just keep going."

"We *can't* keep going," Steve snarls. "I gotta get you to, like, the hospital, or something."

"But what about the girl. And the *thing*."

Steve looks one last time over his shoulder. Whatever it is, it *screams*, on fucking cue.

But it's gonna have to wait, because Billy's knees give out, and he's on the fucking ground.

*

Somehow Billy comes to enough that Steve doesn't have to drag him all the way up, but.

They won't make it to the hospital.

Steve already knows. And they probably shouldn't go there anyway, because Steve can't exactly tell them the truth. That an evil underground dimension poisoned Billy with noxious fumes.

Like, that's just a surefire way to send them both to drug counseling, which to be fair, Billy could probably *use*, but that's kind of unrelated.

He *wants* to help Billy. He feels responsible.

Billy's mostly lucid now, in the passenger seat, squirming, and Steve is fucking *speeding*.

"It *really* hurts."

Steve's attention is split between the road ahead and Billy's pained face. The way his lip curls, hissing against it. He's clutching at his abdomen, like Steve's old girlfriends used to on the first day of their period, when their cramps were at their most intense, like, "*Can you please run in the store and get me Advil, baby?*"

Somehow Steve doesn't think Advil, or Midol or Steve's mom's fucking *Valium*, is going to fix Billy.

"Harrington," he's moaning. "It hurts so bad. It motherfucking *hurts*."

Steve's unabashedly the type to say *I told you so*, but this doesn't feel like the right time.

So instead he says, "You're okay. You're gonna be okay."

But he doesn't know that, doesn't actually know *shit*, doesn't know if he should take Billy to the ER or to Hopper or to Joyce or to Hopper's weird fucking mind control daughter, because they weren't going to go there but desperate times, right?

"Why didn't I listen to you? You shoulda beat my ass—"

"It's fine," Steve says, careening into a left turn. There's like, all kinds of horns honking at him, and they almost get into an accident, but *priorities*, right. "You didn't know any better."

"It hurts like a *motherfucker*. You still got that booze in here?"

"No," Steve says. Well, he *does*, but. "You're sick. We have to figure that out first before you do anything stupid. It could cause, like, a *reaction*. I don't know. Just tell me what's wrong. What's it feel like."

"I don't know," Billy groans. "It hurts. It's like. *Fuck*. It started in my lungs, burning, like I was constantly hitting a joint, you know? And then, it spread, and it's like, everything is screaming at me, real loud, and I can *smell* everything, I can smell your stupid fucking hairspray and your detergent and your mint lip balm and I feel like—"

Billy looks sweaty as fuck. Abandoned his denim jacket, drenched through his thin t-shirt. He's like, unbuckled, rolling around in the seat, all hunched in fetal position. Grabbing the crotch of his fucking pants.

Then he really fucks with Steve's shit.

Says, "I need to *come*, I think."

Steve fucking.

Snorts.

“That’s *not* funny, not even kind of funny—“

“I’m serious,” Billy says. Glaring daggers from the passenger seat. “It hurts really bad. The only thing that makes it stop is when I rub my palm on my dick like *this*.”

And Steve doesn’t know why, what compels him to do so, but he’s prompted, so he’s *looking* and Billy’s rutting against his hand. Cheeks pink, hair damp with sweat around his temples and his neck, chest working furiously. He looks feverish.

Steve almost fucking *crashes* for the second time in twenty-four hours.

“Dude, what the *fuck*.”

“I’m sorry, okay?” Billy hisses. “I’m not *proud* of this, alright? You think I want you to watch me do this?”

“This is, like, crossing so many fucking boundaries, though—“

“I feel like I’m gonna die, and like — *ugh*, it’s so — it feels so fucking *good*. It makes it *stop*. It makes everything quiet.”

“God, just,” Steve says. “Can you, just. Keep it in your pants? Keep your shit *together* for five minutes? We’re almost to my house.”

He didn’t know they were going there.

But *now* they are.

It’s not like he can bring Billy anywhere *else* like this.

“Harrington,” Billy’s whining, chewing on his lip. There’s actual beads of sweat forming at his hairline. Dribbling down his face. “God, you smell like you’re trying to *get dick*. Like, you smell like you want *my* dick. Is that fucked up?”

Steve is never going to recover from this, probably.

Billy's fucking panting. He's *panting!* Reaching inside his fucking pants and rubbing himself. Bulbous muscles in his arm working.

Steve is going to *kill* the kids for putting him in this scenario.

There's, like, *also* the impending doom of monsters splitting the fabric of the dimension Steve knows and loves, precisely as they speak, but like.

Billy Hargrove is *jerking off his dick* under his pants in the car Steve's dad bought him for his sixteenth birthday and Steve just doesn't love those kids enough to put up with this.

It gets worse, 'cause Billy doesn't have stage fright or anything — it's as if Steve's not even there. Which he really wishes he wasn't, but he's here, at the intersection near his house, waiting for the light to turn green, and it doesn't seem to *want* to, it's like it *knows* what Steve's dealing with. That Billy's working his cock over furiously, eyes squeezed tight, mouth gone slack.

His cheeks, they're so fucking *pink*.

Billy makes this ungodly, strangled noise and yeah, in case there were any questions about it — he's coming, he's *fucking* coming, he's fucking *coming in his pants* and Steve can only stare in horror under the red light as a dark stain begins to seep through denim, blossoming out over Billy's crotch.

It's like.

So fucking deadly quiet after that.

Steve wants to evaporate. He's starting to wish he was in that *tunnel*, still, and that's *saying* something.

But instead he's still stuck at the fucking light.

He opens his mouth. He's not even sure why, doesn't know what his plan with that is, but he does, and he's trying to make something like a sound come out when Billy cuts him off. Voice croaking so quiet Steve has to really listen to make sense of it.

"Don't. Don't fucking say anything."

His hand's still down his pants. God. Like he doesn't wanna pull it out because of the mess and everything. He looks *mortified*, won't face Steve.

And then he's fucking moaning, not like he did when he blew his load, no. It's like. That pained noise he was making earlier. Distraught and worse than before, even.

"It still hurts. It hurts so bad. Mother fucker."

"What the fuck," Steve says. "Dude, what the *fuck*, I think we need to get you to the doctor's."

"No," whines Billy. "No, it doesn't want that — take me to your house. Please."

It's mostly silent again, except for that Billy's biting his lip, suppressing himself as he builds up a rhythm again with his fist. Wrist caught by the tightness of his still-buttoned jeans.

"What?"

"I don't *know*, it hurts, it *hurts*, please, Harrington, I can't *think* straight—"

"That thing you just said, though. What was that."

Billy stops fussing for a second. "No fuckin' clue."

Resumes fucking his hand. Christ. At least they're pulling into Steve's driveway now.

"I'm kinda freaking out," Billy says. "What if I can never go back to normal?"

"You're gonna," Steve says. "Look, we're here now. You're gonna be okay, you just need to get in the shower, alright? You're not gonna pass out again, right?"

Steve's already over at Billy's side of the car, yanking the door open

and trying not to look because Billy's still got his fucking hand on his cock. Steve can see the bulge of his fist covering it.

"Can you, like. *Go inside* or something. I'll meet you there."

*

The shower doesn't work.

Billy's in there for like, twenty minutes, jerking off, which Steve can tell because he can hear him come *every single time*, as much as he wishes he could block it out. Even when Steve puts on the news downstairs, tries to drown out the sound with the vague droning of tonight's anchor, he can hear Billy hitting his climax.

Advil doesn't work, either, for the record.

But that was worth a shot, right?

When Billy comes out, he's fucking red. Whether that's from being riddled with fever or from scalding himself under the water, that's to be decided, but his skin looks blotchy, irritated.

Still looks fucking built, though, so Steve's averting his eyes.

Because in all his hysteria, Billy seems to have forgotten what little modesty he had left. He's all fucking *silly*. Just standing there in the doorway, naked, dick raging up. It's practically hitting his stomach. He doesn't look like he knows where the fuck he is.

"I can smell you."

"Jesus," Steve's saying. "*Jesus*, Hargrove. Can you put on some fucking clothes?"

"Mine are all gross," he says. "Need yours."

Steve lends him an old camp shirt that looks like a fucking *crop top* on him. Throws some basketball shorts at him, and they're too fucking tight, so it looks a little obscene as he lies in Steve's bed, but like.

Steve's not *looking*, in any case. He's pacing by his window. Trying to figure out what to do, if he should call someone, and if so, *who* that should be.

"Look, okay," Steve's saying. "While you were showering, I was thinking. Think you mighta, like. Breathed in some of the spores, y'know? Like... like how dandelions make those little blowy things that get all over the fucking lawn, like it's *spreading* itself."

"You're saying you think I'm infected," Billy says. His back arches as he tries to counteract the pain coursing over his body. "Infected by a *plant monster*. Like it tried to — what, *fuck* me?"

"I'm not like, a *florist*, or whatever," says Steve. "I don't fucking know. I'm just. Making *inferences*. Or like, you know when animals give off those sex chemicals that make them need to fuck? Pheromones. What if you're all doped on those. Or it's making your body *think* you're doped on them. Like, hallucinogen shit."

He nibbles at his thumb nail, which he'd thought he'd given up, but not all the way, apparently. Chewing, watching for Billy's reaction.

Reason doesn't seem to appeal to Billy, though. He's still moaning. Writhing in Steve's bed. He's broken into a fresh sweat, so he's getting the pure white sheets all fucking dirty, probably.

"Can you like, *not* do that," Steve's saying. He doesn't intend to, it just sort of comes out. "I'm trying to think."

Billy whips his head up, gets on his fucking elbows all snotty, like, "Oh, *sorry*, let me be more *considerate*."

Steve sighs. "Hey, I didn't *mean* that — I know I don't understand and all, but I just. I can't think with you *doing* that. It doesn't sound like pain, it sounds like you're *railing* someone."

Billy's flipped over now. Onto his stomach, so his round ass is sticking in the air while he humps his hips into Steve's *fucking* bed.

"*Wish* I was," he grunts over the creak of the mattress. And his voice is all coy. Innocent and pouty and Steve doesn't want to *think* about that. "I have this theory."

Fucking great. Just what Steve wants to hear.

He looks at Billy, like, *yes*?

Billy growls, rumbling gravelly in his throat. Rolls his hips in circles. “I was thinkin’, like. I think it, whatever *it* is. It’s smart, right? It knows that it’s just me. Jacking off. But maybe there has to be somebody else. Otherwise, what’s the point of coming, right? By its logic, I mean.”

Steve feels his mouth run dry.

“Okay, what the fuck,” he says, covering his eyes. “What the fuck, is that really *you* in there? Is that the guy who beat my ass?”

“Come on, Harrington,” Billy’s saying. Hips still working as he stretches arms above his head, clutches at the fluffy down of the pillows. “You gotta help me. You said it yourself, I’m all *sick*. And I know it sounds pretty batshit, but like. I think I *know* what it feels like when I gotta come, and this is like. Worse than it’s ever been.”

“What do you want *me* to do about it?”

“I’m just saying,” Billy continues, and now he’s peeling out of Steve’s shorts. Kicking them up in the air so they drop off to the foot of the bed. “I’ve come like, *six* times, which I couldn’t do until literally *today*, and it won’t let up. It still hurts. It’s like. I’m gonna *die*—”

“No. *No*. I know what you’re getting at, and I’m not doing shit. This where I draw the line, alright?”

“Harrington,” Billy pleads. Fucking *pleads*. “All I need is a handjob. Swear on my life. No kissing or gay shit, okay? I promise. Just, I need some help. Think of it as a favor.”

And it’s kinda ironic, or something, right. That this *happened*. Between them, of all people. When everybody knows Steve Harrington fucks guys sometimes. Billy fucking knows. The way he holds that over him, like it’s a *weird* or *wrong* thing to be — when *Billy’s* the one demanding, *begging*, to be touched by Steve.

It’s kinda funny but it’s also fucked up. Some kind of power dynamic

Steve's not sure he's ready to handle.

He's just. Watching Billy flip over again. The way he licks his hand and slicks himself, rubbing his length with a crazed look in his eye. Of course it's disgusting, fucking gross, but it's also kind of Steve's *dream*. That whole thing of wanting to fuck a friend, harboring those feelings, watching that person change or shower or do other innocuous shit and having to bury it deep, all in order to build something that was supposed to be trust.

"Jesus Christ," Steve's saying. "*Jesus*. Some fucking *favor*. Okay, okay. If you promise you'll shut the fuck up. I'll fucking. *Jack you off*. Or whatever. Fuck."

Billy's rolling around on his back, tossing back and forth, but he stops when he hears that. Snaps his head to look at Steve, like, "You will?"

"Yeah, *yeah*, I *guess*. I mean. If that's what you really need, I *guess* I could. 'Cause I was the one that brought you down there."

So Steve's edging toward his bed. Prowling Billy's body with his eyes.

Billy's looking at him like no one's quite there. He's got a spaciness about him as he observes Steve perching on the bed. Tucking his legs up underneath him as he kneels at Billy's waist.

"This is, like, really fucking weird," Steve breathes.

"You think?" Billy says. He's leaning back on his elbows. Staring at the ceiling. Breathing heavy, like a dying animal.

Billy's cock is already sticky wet. Rubbed raw, red, and drooling all over itself. Steve feels like throwing up, but.

Also his own dick's hard, so that's new.

Steve just. Reaches out.

And Billy grabs him by the wrist in impatience. Guides Steve's hand to his mouth and licks up it with the flat of his tongue, *really* going all out to get it wet. It tickles, tempts Steve to yank his hand away.

They're making eye contact the whole time through the cracks between Steve's fanned out fingers, and it makes his stomach flip, gone fluttery.

"Do you want me to, like. Put on music, or a movie or something, so we don't have to hear each other, don't have to fucking *look* at each other—"

"No," Billy roars, incredulous. "That's worse. Said no *gay* shit."

"Okay, okay," Steve says. He lets himself be lead down Billy's tight body. Over the marled grey shirt that he's soaked with sweat, dark half circles around the neck and armpits. He looks away as his palm bumps into Billy's wet cock.

When Steve's fingers wrap around it, Billy's breath hitches, and then he fucking *purrs*, there's just no other way to describe the sound.

"Working?" Steve blurts. Almost giddy, because the sooner it works, the sooner this is over.

And the sooner Steve can have his mom schedule him an appointment with her therapist.

"Not sure," says Billy. "Better, but. You gotta, like. Rub it."

Yeah, he knows, of *course* Steve has to. That's just his fucking luck.

Steve slides his fist up and down, feels the glide of silky sensitive skin, and Billy's already blissed out. Angling his hips up, moaning. Like a bitch in heat.

"You smell pretty," Billy says faintly.

"I better," says Steve. Fists over the head, stroking him, slow. "My cologne's not cheap. See?"

The slick sounds of Billy's wet cock are deafening as Steve hunches forward, lets Billy sniff in the general direction of his neck.

Billy fucking *groans*, and his dick jumps frustratedly in Steve's hand.

"I don't think it's your cologne," Billy mutters, and it's almost a timid thing, his voice.

His head lolls over to the side, lazy, but he stops moving abruptly when he sees the bulge in Steve's pants.

Steve *feels* him looking. It's like lasers are coming out of his eyes.

"Oh my God. You want me."

Steve scoffs. "No, you're disgusting, I don't *want* you—"

"You're hard."

"I'm — it's like. A physiological response. I'd get hard touching, like, *Hopper's* dick, for God's sake."

"Gross," Billy says. "Gross, you fucking whack it to the chief?"

"No," Steve corrects. "Fuck, *no*, I just. I was making a point. You get that, right?"

"What I *get* is that you wanna fuck Hopper," Billy's saying, and he might be *gone*, but that fucking bitchy humor still remains.

And Steve's livid now. He's shit at hiding emotion, so he's telegraphing that, making it so obvious how Billy's gotten a rise out of him, and.

Billy takes note. He looks like he's *getting off* on it, which is probably the case.

"Yeah," he's saying, drawling, all slow. "Yeah, *get* pissed, princess. It's so fucking hot. You gonna stomp your little foot? And toss your curls?"

He's fucking laughing, *laughing* at Steve like he's drunk, and Steve is indignant — seeing *red*.

And he knows he would hate it if Billy did to him, what he's about to do next, so.

He fucking leans closer. Doesn't stop jerking Billy off, but shoves a finger in Billy's ass with the other hand, dry. All the way, against the resistance, 'til he can't fucking go any further, up to the knuckle. Pushing into that hot tightness, that's probably never been touched in this way before.

He watches with satisfaction bordering on sadism as Billy *howls*.

And like that, Billy's *coming*. Again.

His eyes roll into the back of his head while it wracks over his body and he practically sobs out against it. Kicking his legs in the sheets and balling his fists up in them, too. Whining "Harrington," like that's the only word he knows.

Steve revels in the sight. It's almost a little fun, being the one to control that, like Billy's his fucking puppet. Steve knows he shouldn't feel as pleased with himself as he does.

The strange thing, though?

Is that it comes up dry. It's like Billy's spent himself so much, there isn't anything left to give. His cock throbs in Steve's hand, Steve can feel the powerful contractions in Billy's hole, but still, the waves don't *produce* anything. Helpless pulsing.

As much as Steve would like to get this over with, tug himself away, he lets Billy have his hands until he's totally done.

"Good," Steve doesn't mean to say, but *does*, because he's just so amped on adrenaline. "So good. See? You're fine. You finished."

Billy's just laying there. Chest rising and falling at an inhuman rate as he comes down from the euphoria.

But maybe it wasn't euphoria at all, because he tucks his head into the crook of his arm like he can't look at Steve, and says darkly, "I don't fuckin' *feel* like I did."

Something in Steve sinks.

"Cause you're not really finished," he says, pulling *out* of and *off* of

Billy, who fusses at the loss. “*Are you.*”

Billy huffs a sigh. Has begun tossing and turning again, like his skin’s on fire.

“I don’t think a handjob’s gonna cut it, Harrington,” Billy says. “Jesus. Is my dick broken?”

Steve doesn’t say anything. Because this is a lot, like, they only *just* got over that time when Billy beat his face in. The implications of this would cause a whole new rift between them that would be difficult to bridge again.

And suddenly Billy’s *yelping*, arching off the bed and crying out. Sweat-soaked shirt riding up his abs.

“Motherfucker,” he’s saying again. “Being around you makes it worse. I can *smell* you, fuck. Don’t wanna say you were *right*, but you might be, about this. About those *chemicals*. It almost smells *bad*, it’s so good.”

Steve feels hopeless.

He just watches him twist in the sheets.

He’s here to help him, after all — at least that’s what he’s telling himself, that it’s not wish fulfillment of some perverted sexual conquest from his worst fantasies, and it’s not that he’s making Billy into his own personal science experiment, either.

Steve looks off at his fucking sports trophies. Medals and ribbons and shit. Some random point to fixate on, so he doesn’t have to look at Billy trying to *fucking seduce him*. Focuses on these intently while he’s like, “What if using hands, that’s *cheating*. What if you need to have sex. Like. Real sex.”

Saying it’s quiet in there isn’t the truth, because Billy’s perpetually moaning.

But it does feel significant. Hanging in the air. Like what Steve just said, is a *thing*, now. They could’ve still maybe, *maybe*, come back from this before, but Steve just took it the rest of the way.

"Steve," says Billy, soft. "I don't, like, want to make you do something you're not into, but —"

"It's okay if you do," he says. "Need to do this, I mean."

"With you."

Because is it so *wrong* that he's horny, now? After watching all this, after jerking off Billy Hargrove, is that so fucking wrong?

"Yes, with me," says Steve. But then. "I mean. I could always call someone if you want, like a *girl* —"

"No," says Billy. "Not enough time. I need it now. I'm gonna, like. Rip my fucking skin off if we don't."

"You sure this isn't just a way to get in my pants?"

"Believe me," Billy tells him, laughing humorlessly, shallow, low in his throat. "I don't usually have to get this creative."

"Right, so," Steve says. "Tell me what you need."

But Billy lurches forward. Grabs Steve by the cheek and *kisses* him, wet full lips pressing to Steve's own. Steve kisses back, lets Billy desperately tongue into his mouth. Billy smells like sweat, and tastes salty like it, too. Tastes like after hours in the locker rooms. In the back of college guys' cars.

Steve wonders if it's true what Billy said. That his senses are enhanced. Wonders what he tastes like, now, to Billy.

They meld into each other, 'til Billy pulls him backward against the pillows, with Steve on top, straddling Billy's waist.

"Thought you said no *gay* shit," Steve says as Billy *tears* both their shirts off. Steve likes the way Billy's hair shakes out after he tugs off his own. "You were pretty clear, like, no *kissing*—"

Billy's eyebrows get mean, the way they do. "You want my cock or not, pretty boy?"

“I do. Fuck. I do.”

“So get me a fucking condom.”

Steve spreads palms over Billy’s chest, hesitant. Billy rocks their hips together with impatience.

Some sorta yin and yang about it.

“What if that doesn’t work, though? Because it thinks you’re trying to trick it, again? I’m just thinking, I’d hate to have to do this *again*, you know, so—“

“Maybe you’re smarter than I thought,” Billy hums in accord while he ruts up against Steve’s jeans. “Okay. Take these off.”

So he *does*, albeit a little ungracefully, a little too enthusiastically, and sinks back into Billy’s lap. Billy’s hands are instantly all over him. Grabbing his bare ass with both hands.

“Need to come inside you,” Billy says into the skin just behind Steve’s ear, and Steve’s a shivering mess. “You gonna take it?”

“Yes,” Steve blurts. “Yeah. Please.”

“You smell like sex,” Billy says. “Smell like you want my cock. So *pretty*.”

Steve has to skim over the way that strokes his pride. Makes him feel like he’s glowing. Because he can’t take it too seriously, take it too much to heart — because Billy’s fucking *out of it*.

“Shut *up*, Hargrove,” Steve says. “You don’t have to make it *weird*.”

“Sorry. Maybe it’s the monster talking.” Smiling all impish. Pearly, sharp canines.

“Don’t talk about fucking *monsters* when I’m about to ride your dick.”

Billy can’t argue with that, so he spits into his hand and reaches between them, rewets his cock with it.

Steve puts two fingers in Billy's mouth. Presses them in, deep, 'til he can feel the rougher, bumpier texture at the back. Billy watches him with sick, bleary eyes as he takes them down his throat.

And when Steve starts opening himself up on his own fingers, with Billy's spit as lube? Jaw purposefully agape, to make Billy *want* it?

Yeah, Billy looks like he's gonna lose his *mind*. Maybe he already has.

He's grappling for the sloping lines of Steve's hips, trying to gain traction despite the tremble in his fingers.

"Lemme know when you're ready," Billy's saying, squirming again. "Fuck. It hurts when I don't touch you."

Steve rises up on his knees, guides Billy to his hole. It's like they forgot how to breathe, they're being so careful.

When Billy's hips roll up to meet him, it's pure ecstasy. They're both so wet it doesn't take much for him to slide in deep.

And then Billy lets go. Doesn't give Steve a chance to ease into it, just fucks up into him, holding him by his hips, digging his nails in.

"I'm sorry," he's muttering, actually *apologizing* as he thrusts inside. "Sorry, I'm sorry. I just — I *have* to —"

Steve gasps, and it rattles in his chest. "Fuck," he says. "Fuck. Too much."

"Stop?" Billy's hips slow, even though it's clear it takes *everything* inside him to resist, to keep it contained.

"I didn't say *stop*, I mean *slow*, it's different," Steve bitches. "Just let me, okay? Let me—"

"God, you're like, meant to take my cock," Billy's saying. "So fucking *tight*."

Steve's feeling dizzy at that. Dizzy at this idea that Billy's all *animal*. Fucked out on extradimensional mind control chemicals. It's kinda,

like. Sad. But it's also hot.

So he's like, "Talk to me."

And Billy's like, "Yeah, take my dick, you fucking slut."

Steve growls. "Not like *that*, douchebag. I meant, like. Tell me. Tell me what's going on with you right now. You know?"

Billy watches Steve through half shut eyes. Euphoric, just making Steve take it, when he sort of catches on. "Harrington," he says. "That's like, weird."

Steve anchors his weight down. Holds Billy back so it's difficult to thrust up. Says, "If you don't, I stop. And you can figure this out on your own."

They're paused like that, and it seems to go on forever, like they're having a contest. Both too stubborn to submit.

But then he's got Billy whining, desperately trying to pick up the pace and establish movement again, craving the way Steve's ass drags around his cock.

"Okay," he agrees. "Okay, okay, *okay*. It's like. Everything is burning. Like when you take a cheap vodka shot, you know, and it stings real bad? It's like that, it's just. *Everywhere*, and."

"And?"

"And, your skin, your body, your fuckin' *smell*, it feels like. Aloe, on a sunburn. Am I making sense?"

Steve feels lightheaded at Billy talking about him like that. He can feel Billy, all the way in, thickness splitting Steve wide, and it's overwhelming.

"The way I *smell*, huh?"

Billy's nodding, lip caught between white teeth as he groans. "Yeah. Could smell you a mile away. It's like your body wants my dick that bad."

“What do I smell like?” Steve’s pressing, licking up the column of Billy’s neck. Tasting the familiar saltiness of his skin. It’s hot under Steve’s tongue.

“I *told* you.”

“Tell me again, or I’ll stop.”

“Like, *mint* and *hairspray* and *laundry*— ”

“Yeah, that’s what’s *on* me, but what else. What do *I* smell like.”

Billy won’t meet his eyes as he fucks up into his heat, mumbles, “Like. Fucking. *Strawberries and cream.*”

That’s got Steve’s dick twitching. Thickening up even more than it already has to begin with.

“That’s a lot going on,” he says. “That’s fucking *hot.*”

“I know, I hate it, it’s too much,” Billy’s whimpering. “It’s all I can think about. Just wanna. Pick you up and throw you on the floor, and like. *Fuck* you into it.”

Steve drapes his arms over Billy’s shoulders. Holds him close while he lets himself get fucked, feels Billy’s necklace bump between them. Feels how his skin is slick with sweat as they grind into each other.

“I’m gonna come,” Billy’s blurting, like the sensation’s surprising him. “Inside you.”

“Yeah?” Steve coaxes. “Gonna come for me, Hargrove?”

“Yes,” he whines, neck thrown back, strained, as he drives into Steve from below. Holds his ass down and fucks up into it. “Kiss me, again.”

Steve’s quiet, disbelieving. Just bouncing on Billy’s cock. Letting him do all the work.

Billy doesn’t like waiting, so he tugs Steve close and licks over Steve’s lips. Disgusting. The gruff stubble scratching over Steve’s clean-

shaven face. The fullness of his lips. That way he works his fucking *tongue*. He's just. Dirty-hot.

But it has Steve's dick begging to be stroked off. Swollen pink, bobbling between his legs every time Billy slams in.

Steve reaches between them, unable to stop the urge, and begins getting himself off. Smearing spit and pre over the head, dribbling down the length. He feels *relief* at the sensation.

And Billy's hips stutter, uneven and jagged, pushed all the way in so his cockhead hits Steve's prostate. Billy moans, tortured and destroyed as he spills out inside Steve. It's like Steve can *feel* it, too, the way Billy's cock throbs, abused, inside him. Can feel his come, warm and wet and full, coating him.

Billy's breathing is labored, his curls completely soaked as he comes down. His speech sounds a little slurred when he says, "Come for me, Harrington. I wanna see it. See how much you love taking my dick."

Steve's all too happy to indulge him on that.

He's fucking his fist, sitting up and adjusting, fucking *hissing* as Billy's still-hard cock slips out from the tight grip of his ass. He can feel come leaking out, drippy, from the overstimulated rim of his hole.

Billy drinks it all in like he'd *devour* Steve if he had anything left in him to do so.

"You're so close," Billy's all sweet-talk. Running his fingers up the backs of Steve's thighs, and that's got Steve quaking, all tickled. "Look how fucked you are. It's so fucking hot."

"Where should I—?"

But he doesn't really have time to think about that, because he's coming, it's bubbling up and exploding out of him, so fucking good he almost shouts. He digs fingers into Billy's shoulder with one hand while he strokes himself through the orgasm with the other, come shooting lazily out of the tip.

It goes fucking everywhere. The majority all over Billy's perfect

tanned chest, up frenzied and volcano-like, catching Billy's upper lip and the corner of his mouth. It drips down his chin, and he's fucking licking it up like he's *hungry* for it. Using his thumb to push in what he missed. Sucking it clean.

"Did it work?" Steve's asking, once he's recovered enough to breathe normally. "Please tell me it did."

They look down in between them, and Billy's cock has begun shrinking down to its normal flaccid size, and that feels all too fucking good, *rewarding*, even.

Billy collapses back against the pillows, like, "I could use a fucking drink."

*

It's so fucking awkward, then.

Billy's got his knees drawn up to his chest. Sitting in the farthest corner of Steve's bed, perched uncomfortably there, while Steve's in the bathroom connected to his room. Just sitting on the edge of the tub. Door open, so they can hear each other, but don't have to *look* at the other. Trying to get as far away as possible from all this.

"Are you, like," Billy finally tries. "Okay?"

"Jesus," Steve says. "I'm fucking *fine*, alright, I don't need you to like, cuddle me or whatever —"

Because no *gay shit*, remember.

"I'm just making sure you're not *possessed*, now. Relax."

"Not possessed. Just. It's a *lot*."

Steve can hear Billy sigh, deep in his chest. "I feel like I should be saying 'thank you' right now—"

"Don't. You shouldn't. That's *worse*."

"Okay, okay, that's what I thought, that's why I said 'I *feel* like,' I

didn't actually *say* it—"

"Don't fucking tell anyone about this," Steve says. "Understand me?"

Billy's snort echoes in the bathroom. "Wouldn't dream of it, princess. Wouldn't *dream*."